

Colors

by Rainey

Category: X-Files
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-27 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-27 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:26:28
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,577
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Scully's disappearance changes the course of Mulder's life.
Major mush.

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Title: Colors
>Date: 627/00
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>Rating: PG
Classification: Mulder angst
>Spoilers: None
Summary: Scully's disappearance changes the course of Mulder's life. Will he ever see her again?
>Disclaimer: Again, Scully, Mulder, and the X-files are the sole property of Chris Carter.

>Author's Note: Just a little something I dreamed up, partially inspired, I think, from watching the late Bob Ross on the "Joy of Painting."

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>"She comes in colors everywhere
 She combs her hair
> She's like a rainbow
 Coming, colors in the air
> Oh, everywhere
 She comes in colors"
> - Rolling Stones

>
She came to him in colors, as vivid and true as those on an artist's palette. With bold strokes, she painted his dreams. Her fiery hair was like the setting sun, her silken skin as soft and smooth as the petals of a rose, and her eyes, those incredible eyes, were like the azure sea, as vibrantly blue as a cloudless sky.

>
Every night, Dana Scully filled Fox Mulder's dreams as a painter filled a canvas. It had been so for almost six years, ever since the day she'd suddenly and inexplicably vanished from his life.

>
Mulder had searched for her relentlessly, refusing to believe

she had simply chosen to walk away from him, from all they had accomplished together. No, the connection between them was far too strong. And he knew that wherever she was, whatever had happened to her, had not been of her own doing, but that of the men in black, out to destroy him by taking away the one he held most dear.

>
The search became all-consuming. Finding her became his life--his food, his drink, his sleep, his breath. After two grueling, frantic years spent at this breakneck pace failed to yield the slightest clue to her whereabouts, Mulder was beginning to crumble. He barely functioned at work, as if he gave a damn anymore about the x-files, Skinner, or the Bureau. He'd long abandoned his quest for the truth, even his hopes of finding his beloved sister. Without Scully, it was all too empty and meaningless. And one day, when all the pain, all the fury, and the utter exhaustion came crashing down on him, Mulder realized he could no longer bear the weight of his burden. Quietly, he emptied his desk, handed in his resignation, and walked away from it all, without ever looking back.

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>
For a while, he drifted from town to town, state to state, his aimless trek eventually taking him to the California coast. There, in a small seaside village, Mulder decided to take his rest. His soul was weary, and there was simply nowhere else to go.

>

>
For the next three years, Mulder lived a simple, quiet life, as far away from the mayhem of D.C., government conspiracies, and paranormal phenomena as anyone could get. His life was almost too normal now. He'd ditched his cell phone long ago, refused to own a computer, and watched television only rarely. In addition to what he received from the government, he made a modest income doing odd jobs around town, and lived comfortably, if far from grandly, in a tiny cottage overlooking the ocean.

>
And it was in the midst of his darkest despair and grief that Mulder discovered a talent he never knew he had, a side of himself he'd never seen before.

>
He began to paint, pouring onto canvas what he saw every night in his dreams--the woman his heart could not forget.

>
Cursed by his own photographic memory, he knew her's was a face that would never fade from his mind, but remain as fresh and clear as ever. Every angle, every plane, her delicate bone structure, the arch of her brow, the line of her jaw, would all remain indelibly etched in his memory forever.

>
Once he started, Mulder found he could not stop. He began to fill canvas after canvas with a frenzy, painting Scully in every setting, every scene, every posture and pose, incorporating her into the breathtaking beauty of his surroundings, as if doing so would somehow bring her back to him.

>
He became obsessed, determined to capture every facet, every nuance of her. In some of his paintings, he depicted her sitting by the shore, gazing wistfully out over the ocean, or seated at an outdoor cafe, her chin propped in her hand, her expression thoughtful and reflective, or relaxing on a porch swing, stroking a tiny kitten in her lap, a winsome smile on her face.

>
Others depicted her strolling through a field of flowers, awash in a multitude of purples, pinks, fuschias, and sun-golds, or skipping barefoot along the shore in a brightly-colored dress, a gentle breeze ruffling through her hair. With her face turned to the sun and her arms spread wide in childlike abandon, one could almost see her spirit start to soar.

>
Still another showed her reclining sensuously on a sofa, one arm thrown lazily behind her head, the other resting at her side. Her

eyes were closed, her titian hair fanned out around her head like a halo. Slumbering peacefully, her lips were parted softly, with just a hint of a smile, as if she were having the sweetest of dreams.

>
Mulder's talent proved to be enormous, his energy boundless, as he created masterpiece after exquisite masterpiece. Yet, he seemed unaware of how extraordinarily gifted he was.

>
Before long, he had amassed more canvasses than he knew what to do with, no more wallspace on which to hang them. One day, on a whim, he went into town with some of his work, and was amazed at the reception he received. People actually wanted to buy his paintings! As an enthusiastic crowd swirled around him, oohing and aahing and commenting excitedly, Mulder was hardly aware of what was happening. Nor was he prepared for the intense and devastating shockwave of loss and regret that jolted through him as he handed one of the last paintings over to its new owner.

>
Mulder was suddenly panic-stricken. What the hell was he doing? Had he gone crazy?! The woman he loved was not for sale! And he certainly wasn't about to share her--with anyone! Wild-eyed, he yanked the painting out of the stunned buyer's hand, mumbled something incoherent, and quickly handed the man back his money. Clutching the painting possessively under his arm, he turned and stormed away, leaving the crowd of shoppers and curious onlookers standing there shaking their heads in total befuddlement.

>
"Artists!" One snorted, waving a hand in disgust. "They're all crazy if you ask me!"

>
But Mulder's anguished display of emotion had only served to heighten the small community's image of him as the "struggling, temperamental artist," and word quickly spread that the next "Picasso" was right here in their midst. Soon, the owner of a local gallery was practically begging Mulder to put his work on display.

>
Although he had enough paintings to fill a museum, Mulder was still deeply reluctant to part with them. They'd become his lifeline, and were all he had of her. He agonized over the decision for a while, but slowly realized he was being quite selfish, and that the best thing to do would be to have the showing and to donate his share of the proceeds to a children's charity. It would be the perfect gesture of his love for Scully, and just the sort of thing she would do.

>
Perhaps if he did some good, it might come back to him. Was that such

>an "extreme possibility?" When had he stopped believing?
Maybe it was time for him to start.

>
Two weeks later, the paintings of "M.F.Luder" were put on display. The showing turned out to be a stunning success.

>
Suddenly, everyone wanted to know more about the handsome, but reclusive, artist whose works were so hauntingly beautiful. Who was the mysterious woman he painted over and over again, they clamored to know. Was she real? Did she exist? When pressed, Mulder would smile sadly and say she was simply "the woman of his dreams," revealing to no one just how real she was--that she was the woman who had taken his heart and captured his soul, the woman without whom his life would not be complete.

>
He wondered if someday he would stop painting her. He doubted he'd ever stop dreaming of her. He sure as hell knew he'd never stop loving her.

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>
The sun was high in the sky as Mulder sat putting the finishing touches on his latest work. But he couldn't concentrate; he was edgy and tense, and not surprisingly so. Today marked the sixth anniversary of Scully's disappearance; a day that had forever altered the path of his life. He missed her just as much as ever, and the ache in his heart was still so great it made his shoulders droop and his throat constrict.

>
He'd been restless lately, thinking more and more of leaving, picking up the search for her again. He knew she was still alive--he seemed to feel it more and more with each passing day. He'd rested much longer than he'd intended to, and now it was time for him to move on. Having made his decision, Mulder felt a strange sense of peace come over him--a feeling he hadn't had in a very long time.

>
Mulder let out a deep sigh, then paused to stretch his aching back and shoulders. He wiped the sweat from his brow, then started dabbing at the canvas with his brush. He stopped suddenly, overcome by the strongest feeling that he was being watched. In spite of the day's heat, he felt a sudden chill course through him, as if someone had run a feather down his back. His instincts bristling, he quickly turned his head, and for a moment, he thought he actually saw someone walking toward him--a woman, in a brightly-colored dress, her feet bare, a wide-brimmed hat clutched in her hands.

>
Mulder sat staring, unblinking, unbelieving, the brush poised a hair's breadth from the canvas, as he watched her coming closer and closer. No--it was just a mirage! he told himself. It had to be! Like a man wandering the desert, he was woozy from the sun. Either that, or he'd finally gone mad, because the woman on the canvas had somehow come to life and was now standing before him.

>
Her fiery hair was like the setting sun, her silken skin as soft and smooth as the petals of a rose, and her eyes...

>He could never forget the color of her eyes, for he saw them every time he gazed out at the ocean, or looked up at the sky.

>She stood for a moment, gazing admiringly at the painting he'd been working on. Then, the lovely vision began to speak.

>"I think it needs a touch more blue...don't you?" she said softly, with a tremulous smile.

>Mulder stared at her, wide-eyed in astonishment. The brush fell from his trembling hand, and he felt his whole body start to shake.

>"S-Scully...?" He whispered, his voice as dry as a twig. Dear God! After all this time...could it really be her? Shakily, he rose from his stool to face her and thought his knees would surely buckle from the shock.

>"Scully..." He sucked in a breath, tears springing to his eyes. "Is it really...you?"

>"I never left you, Mulder," she said, a tear coursing down her cheek. "They... took me, told me you were...dead--"

>Scully hesitated a moment, a look of pain straining her features. There was so much she had to tell him...

>"And I..I--Oh, God, Mulder!" she cried out, tears shimmering in her ocean-blue eyes. "I found you. I finally found you."

>"But how...I--" Mulder stammered, unable to form the words he wanted to say.

>"The paintings," she explained tearfully. "Someone I...knew...told me I bore an uncanny resemblance to a woman in a painting--a woman in all the paintings of an incredibly-gifted artist by the name of "M.F.Luder." Scully swallowed hard, her fingers clenched around the brim of her hat.

>"I didn't want to believe it," she went on, her voice trembling. "I

was so...afraid. But I knew I had to see for myself. And as soon as I did, I knew, Mulder," she nodded. "I knew it was you--that you were still alive. I could almost feel you...reaching out to me."

>Scully tossed her hat softly to the ground and took a tentative step closer to him.

>"These paintings--" she shook her head, at a loss for words, her tears flowing freely. "They're...magnificent. You're amazingly gifted, Mulder."

>Mulder barely heard what she was saying as he stood, mesmerized, studying her face, drinking her in. There were shadows under her eyes, and she seemed frail and painfully thin. Clearly, she bore the scars of her ordeal--something he couldn't bear to think about right now. But she was alive, and here, and, to him, more beautiful than any sunset, or a thousand rainbows.

>And as she rushed into his open arms, Mulder thought he'd died and gone to heaven. Dear God, please let this be real, he prayed, terrified that any moment she'd turn to dust in his hands.

>"Oh, Scully," he murmured as he stood crushing her to him, reveling in the sight and smell and feel of her. "Please...tell me I'm not dreaming," he said in a choked whisper, as he ran his hands through her silky hair and caressed her soft cheek. He couldn't stop touching her, convincing himself she was real, still afraid if he so much as blinked an eye, she'd be gone.

>Her arms around him were like paradise, her very scent intoxicating, and sweeter than all the wildflowers that grew in abundance all around him. And he wondered how on earth he'd managed to live a single moment without her, let alone six long, lonely years.

>"Well, then I must be dreaming, too," she whispered, her head buried in his chest. And for a long while, they stood this way, unwilling, unable, to let each other go.

>"Stay with me," Mulder breathed, his lips pressed to her temple in a tender kiss.

>"Forever," Scully replied softly, with all her heart.

>At last, they drew apart.

>Then, without another word, they turned and slowly walked hand in hand toward the tiny cottage Mulder called home. There, they made love, passionate and sweet, until the sun was just a memory and the moon and stars lit the night sky.

>Together they remained, for the rest of their lives, their world--and their dreams--forever filled with the colors of love.

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End.

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xx

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Well, what did you think? Did I "paint a picture" in your mind? Make you cry? Make you nauseous?

>If a picture paints a thousand words, why does the movie always stink?
Seriously, I'm addicted to feedback. Won't you please help support my habit?

>TheSpanil@aol.com

>

>

> <p><p>

End

file.